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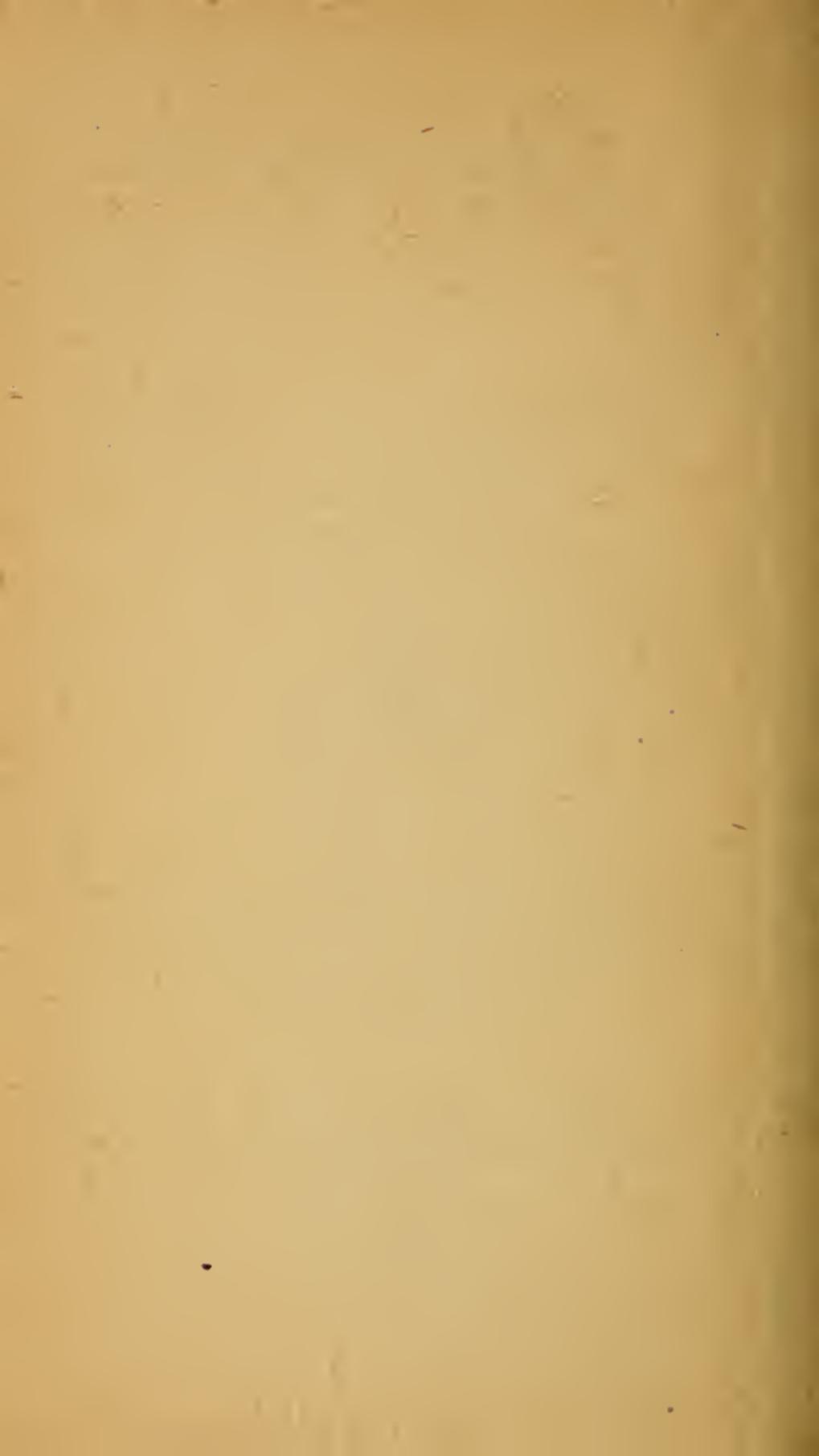
From Rev. J. A. Hulse

1891

Chattanooga

SCT

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Hymns.

1

L. M.

- 1 All people that on earth do dwell,
 Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
Him serve with mirth, His praise forth tell,
 Come ye before Him and rejoice.
- 2 Know that the Lord is God indeed ;
 Without our aid He did us make :
We are his flock, He doth us feed,
 And for His sheep He doth us take.
- 3 O enter then His gates with praise,
 Approach with joy His courts unto :
Praise, laud, and bless His name always,
 For it is seemly so to do.
- 4 For why ? the Lord our God is good,
 His mercy is for ever sure ;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
 And shall from age to age endure.

2

(14)*

L. M.

- 1 Thy presence, gracious God, afford,
 Prepare us to receive Thy word ;
Now let Thy voice engage our ear,
 And faith be mixed with what we hear.
- 2 Distracting thoughts and cares remove,
 And fix our hearts and hopes above ;
With food divine may we be fed,
 And satisfied with living bread.
- 3 To us the sacred word apply
 With sovereign power and energy ;
And may we, in Thy faith and fear,
 Reduce to practice what we hear.
- 4 Father, in us Thy Son reveal ;
 Teach us to know and do Thy will ;
Thy saving power and love display,
 And guide us to the realms of day.

* (H. B. of Eng. Luth. Conf.)

- 1 Almighty God ! Thy Word is cast
Like seed into the ground ;
Now let the dew of heaven descend,
And righteous fruits abound.
- 2 Let not the foe of Christ and man
This holy seed remove ;
But give it root in every heart,
To bring forth fruits of love.
- 3 Let not the world's deceitful cares
The rising plants destroy ;
But let it yield a hundred fold
The fruits of peace and joy.
- 4 Oft as the precious seed is sown,
Thy quickening grace bestow,
That all whose souls the truth receive,
Its saving power may know.

- 1 Lord dismiss us with Thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace !
Let us each, Thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace.
O refresh us,
Traveling through this wilderness.
- 2 Thanks we give and adoration
For Thy Gospel's joyful sound.
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound :
May Thy presence
With us evermore be found.
- 3 Lo, when e'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we, ready,
Rise and reign in endless day.

- 1 Dismiss us with Thy blessing, Lord !
Help us to feed upon thy word ;
All that has been amiss forgive,
And let Thy truth within us live.
- 2 Though we are guilty, Thou art good ;
Wash all our works in Jesus blood ;
Give every fettered soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

- 1 Joy to the world ! the Lord is come !
Let earth receive her king :
Let every heart prepare Him room,
And heaven and nature sing.
- 2 Joy to the earth ! the Saviour reigns !
Let men their songs employ ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.
- 3 No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground ;
He comes to make His blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.
- 4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.

- 1 Alas ! and did my Saviour bleed
And did my sovereign die ?
Would He devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I ?
- 2 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree ?
Amazing pity ! grace unknown !
And love beyond degree !

- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God the mighty Maker died
For man the creature's sin !
- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While His dear Cross appears ;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes in tears.
- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe ;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

9

(82)

C. M.

- 1 There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins ;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Loose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day ;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Washed all my sins away !
- 3 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never loose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme
And shall be till I die.
- 5 There in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue,
Lies silent in the grave.
- 6 Lord, I believe Thou hast prepared
(Unworthy though I be)
For me a blood-bought free reward,
A golden harp for me !
- 7 'Tis strung and tuned for endless years,
And formed by power divine
To sound in God the Father's ears
No other name but thine.

- 1 To our Redeemer's glorious name
Awake the sacred song !
O may His love (immortal flame !)
Tune every heart and tongue.
- 2 His love, what mortal thought can reach !
What mortal tongue display !
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.
- 3 He left His radiant throne on high,
Left the bright realms of bliss,
And came on earth to bleed and die !
Was ever love like this ?
- 4 Dear Lord, while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to Thee,
May every heart with rapture say
“The Saviour died for me.”
- 5 O may the sweet, the blissful theme
Fill every heart and tongue,
Till strangers love Thy charming name,
And join the sacred song.

- 1 I know that my Redeemer lives !
What comfort this sweet sentence gives !
He lives, He lives, who once was dead,
He lives, my ever-living Head.
- 2 He lives triumphant from the grave,
He lives eternally to save,
He lives all glorious in the sky,
He lives exalted there on high.
- 3 He lives to bless me with His love,
He lives to plead for me above,
He lives my hungry soul to feed,
He lives to help in time of need.
- 4 He lives to grant me rich supply,
He lives to guide me with His eye,
He lives to comfort me when faint,
He lives to hear my soul's complaint.
- 5 He lives to silence all my fears,
He lives to wipe away my tears,

He lives to calm my troubled heart,
He lives, all blessings to impart.

- 6 He lives, my kind, wise, heavenly friend,
He lives and loves me to the end,
He lives, and while He lives, I'll sing,
He lives, my Prophet, Priest, and King.
- 7 He lives, and grants me daily breath ;
He lives, and I shall conquer death ;
He lives my mansions to prepare ;
He lives, to bring me safely there.
- 8 He lives, all glory to His name !
He lives, my Jesus, still the same ;
O the sweet joy this sentence gives,
I know that my Redeemer lives !

12

(110)

L. M.

- 1 Come, Holy Spirit, come !
Let Thy bright beams arise :
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.
- 2 Revive our drooping faith ;
Our doubts and fears remove ;
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.
- 3 Convince us of our sin,
Then lead to Jesus' blood ;
And to our wondering view reveal
The mercies of our God.
- 4 'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life on every part,
And new-create the whole.
- 5 Dwell, therefore, in our hearts ;
Our minds from bondage free ;
Then shall we know, and praise and love,
The Father, Son and Thee.

13

(135)

- 1 A mighty Fortress is our God,
A trusty shield and weapon ;
He helps us free from every need
That hath us now o'er taken

The old evil foe
Now means deadly woe ;
Deep guile and great might
Are his dread arms in fight,
On earth is not his equal.

- 2 With might of ours can naught be done,
Soon were our loss effected ;
But for us fights the Valiant One,
Whom God Himself elected.
Ask ye, who is this ?
Jesus Christ it is,
Of Sabbath Lord,
And there's none other God,
He holds the field forever.
- 3 Though devils all the world should fill,
All eager to devour us,
We tremble not, we fear no ill,
They shall not overpower us.
This world's prince may still
Scowl fierce as he will,
He can harm us none,
He's judged, the deed is done ;
One little word can fell him.
- 4 The word they still shall let remain
And not a thank have for it ;
He's by our side upon the plain
With His good gift and spirit
And take they our life,
Goods, fame, child and wife,
Let these all be gone,
They yet have nothing won ;
The kingdom ours remaineth.

- 1 Behold the sure foundation stone
Which God in Zion lays,
To build our heavenly hopes upon,
And His eternal praise.
- 2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
Let saints adore the name ;
They trust their whole salvation here,
Nor shall they suffer shame.

3. The foolish builders, scribe and priest,
 Reject it with disdain ;
 Yet on this rock the church shall rest
 And envy rage in vain.
- 4 What though the gates of hell withstood ;
 Yet must this building rise :
 'Tis Thine own work, Almighty God,
 And wondrous in our eyes.

15

(144)

7, 6.

- 1 From Greenland's icy mountains,
 From India's coral strand ;
 Where Africa's sunny fountains
 Roll down their golden sand ;
 From many an ancient river,
 From many a palmy plain,
 They call us to deliver
 Their land from error's chain.
- 2 What though the spicy breezes
 Blow soft o'er Ceylon's Isle ;
 Though every prospect pleases
 And only man is vile,
 In vain with lavish kindness
 The gifts of God are strown ;
 The heathen in his blindness,
 Bows down to wood and stone.
- 3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
 With wisdom from on high,
 Shall we to men benighted
 The lamp of life deny ?
 Salvation, O salvation !
 The joyful sound proclaim,
 Till each remotest nation
 Has learned Mesiah's name.
- 4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
 And you, ye waters roll,
 Till like a sea of glory,
 It spreads from pole to pole ;
 Till o'er our ransomed nature
 The lamb for sinners slain,
 Redeemer, King, Creator,
 In bliss returns to reign.

- 1 Here, in Thy name, eternal God,
We build this earthly house for Thee ;
O choose it for Thy fixed abode,
And keep it from all error free.
- 2 Here, when Thy people seek Thy face,
And dying sinners pray to live,
Hear Thou in heaven, Thy dwelling place,
And when Thou hearest, Lord, forgive.
- 3 Here, when Thy messengers proclaim
The blessed gospel of Thy Son,
Still by the power of His great name
Be mighty signs and wonders done.
- 4 Thy glory never hence depart ;
Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone ;
Thy kingdom come to every heart,
In every bosom fix Thy throne.

- 1 I love Thy Zion, Lord,
The house of Thine abode ;
The church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.
- 2 I love Thy church, O God !
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy land.
- 3 Should I with scoffers join
Her alters to abuse ?
No ! better far my tongue were dumb,
My hand its skill should loose.
- 4 For her my tears shall fall ;
For her my prayers ascend ;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.
- 5 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Here sweet communion, solemn vows
Her hymns of love and praise.

6 Jesus, Thou Friend divine,
Our Saviour and Our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.

7 Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

18

(190)

7s.

1 Come, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He Himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.

2 Thou art coming to a King ;
Large petitions with thee bring ;
For His grace and power are such
None can ever ask too much.

3 With my burden I begin—
Lord remove this load of sin !
Let Thy blood for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

4 Lord, I come to Thee for rest !
Take possession of my breast ;
There Thy blood bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign

5 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let Thy love my spirit cheer ;
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end,

6 Show me what I have to do,
Every hour my strength renew ;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die Thy people's death.

19

(194)

L. M.

1 Hasten, O sinners, to be wise,
And stay not for the morrow's sun ;
The longer wisdom you despise,
The harder is she to be won.

- 2 O hasten, mercy to implore,
And stay not for the morrow's sun,
For fear thy season should be o'er
Before this evening's course be run.
- 3 Hasten, O sinner, to return,
And stay not for the morrow's sun,
For fear thy lamp should fail to burn,
Before the needful work is done.
- 4 Hasten, O sinner to be blest,
And stay not for the morrow's sun,
For fear the curse should thee arrest
Before the morrow is begun.

20

(205)

C. M.

- 1 Approach, my soul, thy mercy seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer ;
There humbly fall before His feet,
For none can perish there.
- 2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh ;
Thou callest burdened souls to Thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.
- 3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By satan sorely pressed
By wars without and fears within,
I come to Thee for rest.
- 4 Be Thou my shield and hiding place,
That, sheltered near Thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him Thou hast died.
- 5 O wondrous Love, to bleed and die,
To bear the Cross and shame,
That guilty sinners such as I
Might plead Thy gracious name !

21

(214)

L. M.

- 1 Just as I am without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

- 2 Just as I am, and waiting not
 To rid my soul of one dark blot,
 To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
 O Lamb of God, I come ! I come !
- 3 Just as I am, though tossed about
 With many a conflict, many a doubt,
 Fightings and fears within, without,
 O Lamb of God, I come ! I come !
- 4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind ;
 Light, riches, healing of the mind,
 Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
 O Lamb of God, I come ! I come !
- 5 Just as I am ; Thou wilt receive,
 Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
 Because Thy promise I believe ;
 O Lamb of God, I come ! I come !
- 6 Just as I am ; Thy love unknown
 Has broken every barrier down ;
 Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
 O Lamb of God, I come ! I come !

- 1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee!
 Let the water and the blood,
 From Thy riven side which flowed
 Be of sin the double cure,
 Cleanse me from its guilt and power.
- 2 Not the labors of my hands
 Can fulfill Thy law's demands ;
 Could my zeal no respite know,
 Could my tears forever flow,
 All for sin could not atone ;
 Thou must save, and Thou alone
- 3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
 Simply to Thy cross I cling ;
 Naked, come to Thee for dress ;
 Helpless, look to Thee for grace ;
 Foul, I to the fountain fly ;
 Wash me, Saviour, or I die !

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar to world's unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee !

23

(222)

C M.

- 1 All hail the power of Jesus' name !
 Let angels prostrate fall ;
 Bring forth the royal diadem,
 And crown Him Lord of all.
- 2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
 Ye ransomed from the fall
 Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
 And crown Him Lord of all.
- 3 Hail Him, ye heirs of David's line,
 Whom David Lord did call ;
 The God incarnate, man divine ;
 And crown Him Lord of all.
- 4 Ye gentle sinners, ne'er forget
 The wormwood and the gall ;
 Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
 And crown Him Lord of all.
- 5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
 On this terrestrial ball,
 To Him all majesty ascribe,
 And crown Him Lord of all.
- 6 O, that with yonder sacred throng
 We at His feet may fall ;
 Will join the everlasting song,
 And crown Him Lord of all.

24

(260)

S. M.

- 1 My soul, be on thy guard ;
 Ten thousand foes arise,
 And hosts of sin are pressing hard
 To draw Thee from the skies.
- 2 O watch, and fight, and pray,
 The battle ne'er give o'er ;
 Renew it boldly every day,
 And help divine implore.

- 3 Ne'er think the victory won
 Nor lay thine armor down;
 Thine arduous work will not be done
 Till thou receive the crown.
- 4 Fight on, my soul, till death
 Shall bring thee to thy God;
 He'll take thee at thy parting breath,
 To His divine abode.

25

(334)

C. M.

- 1 When all Thy mercies, O my God,
 My rising soul surveys,
 Transported with the view I lost
 On wonder, love and praise.
- 2 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
 My daily thanks employ;
 Nor is the least a cheerful heart
 That tastes those gifts with joy.
- 3 Through every period of my life
 Thy goodness I'll pursue;
 And after death, in distant worlds,
 The glorious theme renew.
- 4 When nature fails, and day and night
 Divide Thy works no more,
 My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
 Thy mercy shall adore.
5. Through all eternity to Thee
 A joyful song I'll raise;
 But oh ! eternity's too short
 To utter all Thy praise.

26

(338)

S. M.

- 1 Beloved, "It is well!"
 God's ways are always right;
 And perfect love is o'er them all,
 Though far above our sight.
- 2 Beloved, "It is well!"
 Though deep and sore the smart,
 The hand that wounds knows how to bind
 And heal the broken heart.

3 Beloved, "It is well!"
Though sorrow clouds our way,
'Twill only make the joy more dear
That ushers in the day.

4 Beloved, "It is well!"
The path that Jesus trod,
Though rough and straight and dark it be,
Leads home to heaven and God.

1 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

2 Though, like the wanderer
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

3 There let my way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

4 Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

5 Or if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon and stars forgot,
Upwards I fly;

Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

28

(369)

S. M.

- 1 And must this body die,
This mortal frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mouldering in the clay?
- 2 God, my Redeemer, lives,
And ever from the skies,
Looks down and watches all all my dust,
Till He shall bid it rise.
- 3 Arrayed in glorious grace
Shall these vile bodies shine,
And every shape, and every face,
Look heavenly and divine.
- 4 These lively hopes we owe
To Jesus' dying love;
We would adore the grace below,
And sing His power above.
- 5 Dear Lord, accept the praise
Of these, our humble songs,
Till tunes of nobler sound we raise
With our immortal tongues.

29

(370)

L. M.

- 1 Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep!
From which none ever wakes to weep,
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.
- 2 Asleep in Jesus! O how sweet!
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing
That death has lost his venom'd sting!
- 3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.
- 4 Asleep in Jesus! O for me
May such a blissful refuge be;
Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high.

- 1 Jesus! I live to Thee,
The lovliest and best!
My life in Thee, Thy life in me
In Thy blest love I rest.
- 2 Jesus! I die to Thee,
Whenever death shall come;
To die in Thee is life to me,
In my eternal home.
- 3 Whether to live or die,
I know not which is best;
To live in Thee is bliss to me,
To die is endless rest.
- 4 Living or dying, Lord,
I ask but to be Thine;
My life in Thee, Thy life in me,
Make heaven forever mine.

- 1 Now lay me calmly in the grave,
This form, whereof no doubt we have
That it shall rise again that day,
In glorious triumph o'er decay.
- 2 And so to earth again we trust
What came from dust and turns to dust,
And from the dust shall surely rise,
When the last trumpet fills the skies.
- 3 This soul forever lives in God,
Whose grace his pardon hath bestowed,
Who through His Son redeemed him here
From bondage unto sin and fear.

His trials and his griefs are past,
A blessed end is his at last;
He bore Christ's yoke and did His will
And though he died, he liveth still.
- 5 He lives where none do mourn and weep,
And calmly shall his body sleep,
Till God shall death Himself destroy,
And raise it into glorious joy.

- 6 He suffered pain and grief below,
Christ heals him now from all his woe ;
For him hath endless joy begun ;
He shines in glory like the sun.
- 7 Then let us leave him to his rest,
And homeward turn, for he is blest,
And we must well our souls prepare,
For death may seize us everywhere.
- 8 So help us Christ, our hope in loss !
Thou hast redeemed us by Thy cross
From endless death and misery ;
We praise, we bless, we worship Thee !

32

(391)

C. M.

- 1 Jerusalem, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me !
When shall my labors have an end
In joy, and peace, and thee ?
- 2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold ?
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold ?
- 3 O when, thou city of my God,
Shall I Thy courts ascend,
Where evermore the angels sing,
Where Sabbaths have no end ?
- 4 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know
Blest seats ! through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.
- 5 Why should I shrink from pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay ?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.
- 6 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there
Around my Saviour stand ;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Wiil join the glorious band.
- 7 Jerusalem, my happy home !
My soul still pants for thee,
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I Thy joys shall see.